

Quid multum atnavit—that is his claim to
immortality, in
either world. Like Racine, he turned to God
as if to a last
mistress; like Coventry Patmore, he turned
to Him as in a
mystic marriage. Lovers' quarrels, hope, or
despair, re-
proaches for scorn, or repentances for
infidelity; above all
the yearning for a union that no more
partings shall
break—all these changeful phases of human
passion are
here. 'Love'—the final reconciliation—is the
final poem
in *The Church*.

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew
back,

Guiltie of dust and sinne.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow
slack,

From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:

Love said, you shall be he.

I, the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah, my deare,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

There may be moments when Herbert
grows mawk-
ish; moments when he grows morbid
enough to write:

The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health—

or:

All Solomon's sea of brasse and world of
stone

Is not so deare to thee as one good grone; .

moments when the reader turns, stifling,
from the pious
sophistries of Providence' to the immortal
blasphemies of
Atalanta in Cdydon, from these praises of
sheep-like meek-
ness to the healthy hatreds of some pagan
unredeemed
like Theognis: